

DOORWAYS TO THE HEART.

A renowned singer tried hard to win the applause of those who listened to her. Her notes were as clear as a bell; her voice was under perfect control; her enunciation distinct. She had mastered the most difficult work of the old masters and rendered it perfectly. Still she failed to secure the appreciation she so much sought. The audience admired coldly; that was all. Then the singer, in a voice of exquisite purity, sang a simple lullaby song, just as her mother used to sing it years ago at bedtime, and the audience burst into a torrent of sympathetic applause, which could hardly be stayed, and she was the heroine of the hour.

What made the difference? The song of home and childhood found its way to the hearts of the listeners.

After all, that is the secret of this life—to find the doorway to the hearts of those about us. Who are our greatest poets? Those who have put into verse the things of every-day life. Who are earth's most successful artists but those who have the genius to put upon canvas scenes which recall something in our own experience? Who are the authors whose names will linger longest in our memories but those who have studied the world and have written of it as they found it?

The weary traveler, distant from home, listens almost unmoved to the most classic music, be it ever so artistically rendered; but the little songs which charmed away childhood's cares and wooed the sweet sleep of forgetfulness stir his heart and bring the tears to his eyes. How often, when wandering far from the scenes of his youth, has the sight of some picture brought to mind, home, friends, and dear ones never more to be seen on earth!

Along the road traveled by us poor mortals there are all too many things which have a tendency to close up the doors leading down into our affections. For much of this we have only ourselves to blame. Selfishness, avarice, ambition, pride—a thousand things continually close the avenues to the heart, and rank weeds spring up along the untrodden paths thus deserted and lonely.

Blessings upon the man who drops a word which helps us to throw open the doorways to the heart! Blessings on the voice that calls back the memories of laughing, happy bygone days! Blessings on him who by voice, look, or act helps us to keep bright the hinges which swing back and forth, admitting to our souls better thoughts, purer motives, more generous impulses and holier aspirations!

God can forgive sin but he won't bless laziness.

AT A TURKISH POST-OFFICE.

They do not rush things in Constantinople as they do in American cities. The Turks love ceremony, and have peculiar notions as to what constitutes politeness.

We walk to the stamp window ask for a stamp of the denomination we require. The clerk shoves it out, we put down the money and depart. The entire transaction has not occupied a minute, and hardly a dozen words spoken.

But in Istamboul a different scene would be enacted. Let us stand in the post-office corridor a few minutes and watch the proceedings.

An elderly Turk, with a gorgeous turban, approaches the window. After a series of very low and obsequious salaams, he lays his right hand upon his heart and begins:—

"May this gracious morn prove a most happy one for thee, sir."

The official returns the salutation, and adds:—

"What commandest thou?"

"Wouldst thou vouchsafe thy servant several stamps with which to send letters to America? As thou mayest know, my son, Abdullah Effendi, the glass merchant of Ak Serai, is abiding at this moment in Chicago, where he is visiting the grand bazaar, and his family are desirous of communicating with him. Though I myself know not how to write, yet is the son of my brother, the pipebowl manufacturer, skilled in the art, and he hath promised to oblige us in this matter."

"Very well, O worthy sir! But how many stamps dost thou desire?"

"Ah, my precious jewel! How many thinkest thou I should take? One will hardly suffice, as he does not intend to return until the bazaar is closed. Therefore, I pray thee give me two."

"Excellent, excellent! Here they are. May I request the sum of four piasters in payment?"

"What sayest thou my gentle lamb? Three piasters I always paid—never more! This was but a year ago, when Abdullah was at Paris; even at—"

"You are quite right, Effendi, but the prices have changed. They cost more to-day."

"In very sooth, O apple of mine eye? Then the charge has been increased?"

With this the Turk produces an intricately knotted purse and draws forth a bundle of paper money.

"Nay, nay, my adorable gem!" protests the official. "We accept no paper; thou must pay in silver."

"What, thou refuseth paper? And wherefore? Is it not good money? Doth not the sultan guarantee its payment?"

Well, since thou declinest it, I will pay thee in copper."

"Nay, Effendi, we take no copper, either; thou must give me silver."

"Silver? By my beard I have it not. I pray thee take this copper, and thou shalt have some additional."

"I cannot do it, Effendi. By Allah, I cannot! It is forbidden."

"Well, then, thou shalt have silver. Here it is; the latest mintage."

Accept my overflowing thanks, my exquisite turtle dove."

"Allah be with thee and increase thy shadow mightily! Farewell."

"Farewell, Effendi. May thy beard grow to an exceeding great length!"

GOOD MANAGEMENT.

A Massachusetts man, driving through New Hampshire, pulled up his horse to chat with a farmer about his crops. Some of the old man's remarks, says *The Youth's Companion*, were spiced with humor, and some of them, the tourist declares, were almost as good as a sermon.

"My corn's done fust rate," the farmer said cheerily, "an' I aint a-goin' to take no credit for supplyin' the preacher's folks with it, nuther. Some say I'm too free-handed, but I tell 'em it aint gen'rosity; it's jest common sense and forehandness. I tell 'em my preacher's patch is wuth more to me'n 'tis to the preacher himself. Why, I cal'late it's havin' of that patch that's kept my whole field a-goin' fer the last five years."

"Where is your preacher's patch situated?" inquired the stranger, with pardonable curiosity.

"Right slap in the middle o' the field," was the reply.

"Any special reason for having it in the middle?" asked the stranger.

"Well, yes," said the farmer with a twinkle in his eye.

"Ye see, that's where my long-headedness comes in, stranger. It stands to reason the Lord aint a-goin' to let the preacher suffer—an' I never see folks that set so by corn as his do—an' I reckoned that when He was a-pervidin' rain an' sunshine fer the preacher's patch, by havin' of it right slap in the middle o' the field, there'd most likely be enough o' both o' the desirable ingreijents to keep the rest o' the field a-goin' an' no harm done!"

And with no sign of amusement except what appeared in bright old eyes, the farmer turned the conversation to the state of politics in New Hampshire.

REASON can not show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things that are above reasoning.—*Sir Philip Sydney*.